

# The Classical Weekly

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To All Friends



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In prose the following are covered in the Appendix: The *De Senectute*, the *De Amicitia* and selections from the *Letters* of Cicero; Books I, XXI, and XXII of Livy entire, with the portions of other books contained in Burton's Selections; selections from the *Letters* of Pliny; and the *Annals*, *Histories*, *Agricola* and *Germania* of Tacitus.

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No. 8

## DR. DUTTON'S REFLECTIONS ON RE-READING VERGIL

A very interesting and helpful paper is the one entitled Reflections on Re-Reading Vergil, which Dr. Emily Helen Dutton, Professor of Latin and Greek at Tennessee College, read at the annual meeting of the Tennessee Philological Association, in Nashville, on February 25, 1916, as Presidential Address (30 pages).

In the first point that Dr. Dutton makes I have long been deeply interested. It is the fashion to speak of Vergil as the poet of profound melancholy (compare Tennyson's famous dictum on this point). That Vergil does brood on the eternal sadness of things cannot be denied, but Dr. Dutton is right in maintaining (5) that Vergil possessed that

underlying sense of humor which relieves and sustains the spirit in the hardest battles of life, often wholly unexpressed, sometimes unsuspected by the friend who walks beside us, an inward source of refreshing, supplying that daily inner renewal of the joy in things that goes far in maintaining the spirit which feels continually the infinite pathos at the heart of nature and the life of man.

In this aspect of Vergil I see a very simple explanation of the meaning of the famous phrase, *molle atque facetum*, which Horace, in *Sermones* 1.10.40, used of Vergil, in 35 B. C. or before, when Vergil had as yet published only the *Catalepton* and the *Eclogues*, though he was at work already on the *Georgics*. On this point I had a brief paper in *The American Journal of Philology*, for June, 1917 (38.194-199). In that paper some of the evidences of the sense of humor which Dr. Dutton finds in Vergil were put together before I read her article. She accepts as genuine the poem in the *Catalepton* which represents the writer as expressing his satisfaction upon abandoning other studies to take up that of the Epicurean philosophy, as well as the poem beginning

Sabinus ille, quem videtis, hospites,  
ait fuisse mulio celerrimus,

plainly a parody on Catullus 4. In both these poems she sees suggestions of "natural gaiety of spirit". She finds American humor in the description of the plight of the cautious old pilot Menoetes (*Aen.* 5.189-192), and of Aeneas when he gives the consolation prize to Nisus (5.318-361). She finds humor also in the rough banter of the shepherds in *Eclogue* 3. But she lays more stress on the delicate humor shown in some of the

well-known passages in the *Georgics*: 1.181-182 (which is lighted up by Horace, *Ars Poetica* 139), 1.378 (the imitation of a croaking frog, recalling Aristophanes), 1.388-389 (here stress is laid on "the alliterative solemn stateliness of sound which marks the step of the solitary raven as he stalks along the dry sand and calls for rain"), and 1.246-247, which T. E. Page, in the Introduction to his edition of the *Georgics*, characterizes "as the one instance in the *Georgics* of broad humor" (the passage describes a man making wry faces at a bitter taste). The most charming case of Vergil's most delicate humor she finds (9) in *Georgics* 4.86-87 at the conclusion of the description of the combat of the bees:

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta  
pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescent.

Here, Dr. Dutton says,

*pulveris iactu* might suggest burial to a Roman ear, as it recalls to us the appeal of Horace's shipwrecked mariner in *Od.* 1.28.35.

This discussion I find interesting as far as it goes, but the matter was better put long ago by A. Sidgwick in his edition of Vergil 1.15-16, 39-40 (quoted in full in my article in *The American Journal of Philology* referred to above).

In the discussion of the *Eclogues* (9-11) occurs a paragraph which it seems worth while to quote in full:

Our own experience of a constant sorrow and underlying sadness in the face of the present war, which we realize only enough to give us a faint conception of its sobering effect upon the peoples actually engaged, and of the great travail of soul which must forever leave its mark upon those who have lived through it, helps us to understand how so tender a spirit as Vergil's must have been deeply and permanently affected by the suffering through which he had seen his country and his countrymen passing during the long civil wars of his early manhood. At this age an impressionable nature like his would reflect most seriously upon these great events that were moving the nation and threatening that Rome which he had looked upon first with the wondering eyes of a countryman, like his own Tityrus in the first *Eclogue*, but which in his student days there he had come to love as "the most beautiful thing in the world", and, since he held aloof from actual participation in the wars, he would be chiefly impressed by the human suffering which it entailed and which he saw before his eyes. Nor was he himself untouched by its oppression, for his father's little farm was confiscated as a part of the tract about Cremona assigned to the veterans of Philippi.



This Vergilian pathos finds expression often in certain recurring tragic words (14-16). One of these is *infelix*, heard some fifty times in the Aeneid, usually in disaster, but sometimes it strikes a warning note even in the midst of joy, as when, in her first delight in the companionship of Aeneas, the ill-fated Dido prolonged the night with conversation and drank in deep draughts of love. . . .

Sometimes the impending doom is foreshadowed by *nequiquam*, or by *frustra*, or by *miserande*.

It is as if Vergil could never forget an all-abiding sense of human helplessness in the hands of fate, and would teach us by continually repeated examples the lesson which he cannot refrain from explicitly expressing as Turnus exultantly puts on the belt of the slain Pallas, which is later to cause his own death when Aeneas, about to yield to his appeal for mercy, catches sight of the spoils stripped from his friend:

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae  
et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!<sup>1</sup>

"The heart of man knows not its coming fate and destiny, nor how to keep the bounds of moderation when exalted by prosperity!" Here is the old lesson of Greek tragedy, of the *φθόρος* and *νέμεσις* that follow overweening pride and exultation in good fortune, and Vergil had no doubt been impressed by the words of Aeschylus' chorus in the Agamemnon (750-756):

"There lives an old saying from the ancient days,  
In memories of men, that high estate  
Full-grown brings forth its young, nor childless dies,  
But that from good success  
Springs to the race a woe insatiable"<sup>2</sup>.

Dr. Dutton next (16) remarks that sometimes

The feeling of human helplessness is combined in Vergil with that of human ignorance and marked by *inscius* or *nescius*, *immemor*, *imprudens*.

Compare Aeneid 1.712, 718, 2.307, 11.182-183. I may note here by way of illustration Catullus's use in his Epyllion (64) of *immemor* and of *inscius* to describe Theseus deserting Ariadne.

Dr. Dutton writes next most interestingly (16) on Vergil's relation to his farm. To this, to be sure, she finds but one bit of direct testimony in Vergil, in the short poem in the Catalepton in which the writer invokes the little farm of his former teacher Siro, which, when the farm at Mantua was confiscated, furnished a refuge to the writer and his father. Eclogues 9 and 1 are also important in this connection. On pages 16-17 we read:

This flight with his father may have been in his mind as he wrote of Aeneas' flight from Troy carrying his aged father Anchises. It may be that we owe to his own great devotion to his father, to which Suetonius further bears witness, the marvelous pathos and tenderness with which the parental relation is represented in the Aeneid. We might explain the Leitmotiv of the repeated appeal to the hope of the rising Iulus (*spes surgentis Iuli*) by which the father is spurred on in times of need, as part of the destiny which Aeneas is called to fulfill, but one cannot read the entire Aeneid without being markedly impressed by the truth and depth of feeling in the poet's heart whenever this chord is struck. In Daedalus' commemoration of his story upon the

doors of Apollo's temple <we find these words>, "You, too, O Icarus, would have borne a great part had grief permitted. Twice he attempted to depict in gold the sad story of your fall, twice your father's hands fell and failed in the task".

Dr. Dutton next notes that there is one touching picture of mother and son in the Nisus and Euryalus story, Aeneid 9.283 ff. Pertinent in this connection also are Evander's farewell to his departing son, as he sends him forth with Aeneas, and his piteous sorrow when the dead body of Pallas is brought home to him (Aeneid 8.572-584, 11.158-161). Dr. Dutton reminds us that even Mezentius has two tender spots in his nature, his love for his war horse and his love for his son. This son, it will be remembered, sacrificed his own life to save his father's. Even Turnus, the man described as *audax*, *turbidus*, *fervidus*, makes appeal in his last moments to Aeneas through the latter's love for his father Anchises. See pages 16-19. C. K.

(To be concluded)

### LITERATURE AND LIBERALISM<sup>1</sup>

In his presidential address to The American Historical Association in December, 1913, Professor William A. Dunning discussed with his wonted sagacity, moderation, and persuasive humor a certain characteristic of historical research during the last hundred years. He pointed out that during this period students of history had been chiefly concerned with the discovery of the things which had actually happened rather than with the causal nexus between these occurrences. "The absorbing and relentless pursuit of the objective fact" had thus become "the typical function of the modern devotee of history". In a most interesting and illuminating way Professor Dunning went on to point out that

the course of human history is determined no more by what is true than by what men believe to be true;

that

the phenomena of social life, so far as they are determined at all by the will of man, are due in origin and sequence to conditions as they appear to contemporaries not to conditions as revealed in their reality to the historian centuries later;

and that, therefore,

we must recognize frankly that whatever a given age or people believes to be true, *is* true for that age and that people.

It follows, then, that in the attempt to understand the course of events in their relations of cause and effect it is repeatedly the error and not the fact that is important.

In the presentation of this idea Professor Dunning drew some instances from the influence of Roman history in shaping the development of Europe, from the history of the Jewish nation as a factor in the life of

<sup>1</sup>Aeneid 10.501-502.

<sup>2</sup>Plumtre's translation, slightly altered.

<sup>1</sup>Amplified from a paper read at the Tenth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held in the Central High School, Philadelphia, April 14, 1916. By permission of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY the paper was published in The Columbia University Quarterly, December, 1916 (19.15-29).

Christendom, from the contribution made by the long credited relation between trial by jury and Magna Carta to the maintenance of constitutional government. His address was delivered before the outbreak of the present war. To any one who is reasonably conversant with the enormous mass of apologetics which this war has called forth there can be, I think, no doubt that in any subsequent historical study of the causes of the conflict what the different governments and peoples believed to be true will be found to be far more relevant to an explanation of its origin than what really was true. Nor do I have any doubt that, if one considers with an open mind the records of universal history, he can not escape the conclusion that the objective facts will but rarely be found adequate to account for their supposed effects. In other words, mankind always has clothed and always will clothe its perceptions of objective facts with its own feelings and beliefs, will always view these facts in the colors of its own predilections and prejudices, will in short seldom, if indeed ever except in rare individual instances, see these facts as they really are. Caesar, with characteristic insight into the infirmities of human nature, notes as one of the reasons for a decision of the Gauls *quod fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt*. And with reference to a wider sweep of thought, James Martineau in the preface to his fascinating book on *Types of Ethical Theory* acutely says:

Intellectual pride and self-ignorance alone can blind us to the fact that systems of philosophical opinion grow from the mind's instinctive effort to unify by sufficient reason and justify by intelligible pleas its deepest affections and admirations.

I wish, then, to draw at this point a conclusion of vital import to my subsequent argument, that all students of the activities of mankind, all those, in other words, who endeavor on any basis that is rational to deal with men as members of a social organism, must frankly admit that these activities and the ideas out of which they spring will not always, and probably will not even commonly, bear such a relation to the objective facts with which the ideas are concerned as to be predictable upon any knowledge of these facts alone. Such predictability, if there be any at all, must rest, in large measure, upon a study of human psychology in its weakness and capacity to misunderstand. And even so, there is multifarious evidence, supplied by the life of to-day no less than by the records of the past, that the vagaries of the human mind, or rather, perhaps, of the human heart, will constantly confound the purely rational observer. Even a dullard must observe that other people feel and reason differently both from himself and from one another in regard to the same things. But how few are so self-disciplined, how few have so far outgrown the self-confidence of the nursery, as to be led by their amusement at the obvious irrationality of their neighbors' views to ask themselves from the standpoint of an ideal observer whether their own views are not probably equally at variance with the same objective facts. . . . Quid rides? Mutato

nomine de te fabula narratur. In every life the principle of the personal equation is operative; in this respect each of us is necessarily *unus e multis*. As Catullus, in a rare philosophical mood, aptly says:

Nimirum idem omnes fallimur, neque est quisquam quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum possis. Suus cuique attributus est error, sed non videmus manticae quod in tergo est.

But the endeavor to comprehend in others and in ourselves also this Suffenitas, if you will permit me the word, is obligatory; for, if we fail of this comprehension, we shall be unable to account for the sequence of events. Like Kenyon and Donatello in the story of *The Marble Faun*, we shall be unable, because we stand outside the church, to appreciate how those within the edifice are moved by the radiance of the colors in the windows. Insularity can unfortunately coexist with great learning and even with great genius. Many persons of this distinguished class thoroughly enjoy what Daniel Deronda so dreaded,

that dead anatomy of culture which turns the universe into a mere ceaseless answer to queries, and knows, not everything, but everything else about everything—as if one should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of violets except the scent itself for which one had no nostril.

The group or class consciousness puts into fixed forms the standards of judgment and thus erects between man and man invisible but almost impassable barriers. François Villon in search of a lodging for the night has with the Seigneur de Brisetout that wonderful conversation into which Stevenson has put all the pathos of a mutual incapacity to understand. But I need not enlarge further upon this point in either of its two aspects. The evidence is as the sands of the seashore for number. The elusiveness of the objective facts and the inability of those who in different and often contradictory ways are equally astray in their conception of these facts to understand one another's language have been in the past among the chief causes of the tragedy of human life. What of the future?

Never, I suppose, has there been a time in the history of the world when received opinions, however strongly supported by long tradition, have been more called in question. In every field of thought and investigation critical scholarship is examining anew the bases of orthodoxy. The results of this destructive criticism are already so striking that some of the ablest minds, ambitious of an entire reconstruction of the world in terms of real social justice, have gone so far as to regard the spirit of conservatism as in itself the most serious enemy of progress. But whatever might have been the outcome of these critical processes under more normal conditions, the great war has thrown a most lurid light upon our supposed advance in civilization and has raised the gravest doubts as to the security of our position as heirs of the ages. As Lord Bryce has said recently:

Sometimes one feels as if modern states were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are com-

mitted. Mankind increases in volume, in accumulated knowledge, and in a comprehension of the forces of nature; but the intellects of individual men do not grow. The disproportion between the individual ruling men with their personal prejudices and proclivities, their selfish interests and their vanities, and the immeasurable consequences which follow their individual volitions becomes more striking and more tragic.

The long struggle for freedom of thought, so finely portrayed in Professor J. B. Bury's recent book, and for that freedom of action through which alone freedom of thought can be other than an academic idea, may after all end in disaster. It would seem to be an appropriate time to ask again what ends education may serve and what elements may have most significance for the happiness of the race.

On the basis of the evidence afforded by not a few articles and books there are still in the world those who believe in war as a necessary element in man's spiritual growth. I have observed that no one of these thinkers has ever discussed what will happen if a single world-state or at least an amicable league of two or three huge states shall presently be evolved. As such conditions would on the basis of their own arguments insure peace, the human race would then, I suppose, begin to retrograde in civilization. However this may be, the thoughts of the world as a whole are now much concerned with the possibility of establishing some permanent basis of peace at the end of the present war. How may such a permanent basis be secured?

Let me call your attention at the outset to a few elementary considerations. You cannot by legislation make men good; you can at the best provide in this way a favorable environment. No law can be really enforced which does not have back of it the support of the community. Mankind is usually clever enough to find ways of evading a law in which it does not believe, and it will in case of necessity decline altogether to obey the law. It is a matter of common observation that, if the penalties imposed by a law are too severe, juries will not convict. If, then, we are to have peace in the years to come, if the widely differing ideas and ideals of individuals and nations are to have their fate determined by their own inherent vitality and not by external superior force, an *attitude of mind* must be produced which is friendly to such liberty of growth, and hostile to limitation of the life of ideas by the power and authority of stronger individuals or stronger national organizations. To produce such an attitude of mind among all men is a cardinal function of education. To increase the number of those who think and feel rationally and who are quite unwilling

"To prove their doctrine orthodox  
By Apostolic blows and knocks"

must be one of the most important, if not, perhaps, in any large way of considering the world's needs, the most important of the results which any curriculum of study, any scheme of education, must produce. I say *must*; for it is evident that with the increasing mastery of man over the secrets of nature explosives and engines

for their use may easily be discovered in the future which will make the instruments of destruction of the next great war as much more deadly than those of to-day as those of to-day are deadly in comparison with the weapons of 1870. In such a case the picture drawn by Mr. H. G. Wells in *The World Set Free* might actually be realized.

What, then, if one considers the subject in the broadest possible way, are the several educational factors which may bring about such an attitude of mind? I shall attempt no invidious distinctions between the several branches of knowledge. Each has its honorable function. But there are three groups of studies which in definitely larger measure than the rest seem likely to foster this liberal spirit of which we have been speaking. These three groups are (1) mathematics and the natural sciences; (2) the social sciences; (3) literature, philosophy, and history. I am fully aware that the modern historian views with distrust any association of history with literature, but for our present purpose the old kinship still holds. In effect, even if not with conscious intention, history, like philosophy, is concerned with the same end as literature. Let me at once define this end to be the interpretation of man to himself in such a moving and broadening fashion that his conception of the possibilities of his nature, of its many-sided capacity for new growth and new achievement, will make it difficult for him to be satisfied with a provincial outlook on this subject, or to rest content within fixed boundaries. The justice of this definition may well be called in question by one who considers only a single work, a single author, or even a single literary movement. But I am thinking rather of literature in its totality and of the determination of its inherent tendency from the evidence furnished by a comprehensive survey.

In every problem of education two elements are necessarily to be considered, man himself and his environment. This environment, in turn, is twofold: in part physical, subject to laws that are absolutely beyond his control; in part social, operating in any given form of society no less in conformity with law, but wearing a specious aspect of pliability. For as the laws of the social organism derive ultimately from the laws of his own nature and he seems to be a free agent, it is difficult to discover a necessary sequence of cause and effect. I yield to no one in my admiration for mathematics and the natural sciences. All the branches of knowledge in this first of our three groups involve the revelation of a majestic order in which there is no caprice neither shadow of turning; and so into the study of these branches—which alone seem to me to be in the strictest sense of the world true sciences—there has gone all of man's passionate longing for an invariant, eternal beauty of orderly structure in a world of which mutation and transitoriness seem to be the characteristic notes. *Πάντα ῥεῖ*, as Heraclitus said. And men have sought for an escape from that truth into one tran-



scending it. As Professor C. J. Keyser has finely expressed it in an address on *The Human Significance of Mathematics*,

Man contemplated as a spiritual being, as a thinker, poet, dreamer, as a lover of knowledge and beauty and wisdom and the joy of harmony and life, responding to the lure of an ideal destiny, troubled by the mysteries of a baffling world, conscious subject of tragedy, yearns for stable reality, for infinite freedom, for perpetuity and a thousand perfections of life.

I yield delighted assent to the eulogy pronounced in this address on mathematics, and, by implication and in many cases by direct statement, on the natural sciences as well; but just because this eulogy is true in the terms which I have quoted, science including mathematics cannot be our chief aid in solving the particular problem which I have stated to you. This ordered universe of law in which cause produces effect in unbroken sequence represents to man a world into which he is slowly, as the centuries and millennia pass, educating himself, which ever beckons him onward, which affords to him in the midst of his feverish life a refreshing refuge, from which after a brief sojourn he may come back strengthened to face the almost insoluble problems of his daily existence. But these distressing problems which arise from the fact of his relations with his fellow-men cannot be solved successfully by the temper of mind which is nourished by thoughts of invariance. It is the vagaries of human nature that are the causes of the difficulties; and every attempt to deal with human nature as if it were or could be static or amenable except under duress to such control as is essential in military discipline will certainly in the end fail wholly.

It is indeed the distinguishing peculiarity of man that, product of his physical environment as he appears to be, he is nevertheless its superior and its judge. It is not from this environment that he draws his standards of perfection, but rather from the aspirations of his own nature.

"Laboriously tracing what must be  
And what may yet be better",

he has always had visions of a world that would be "nearer to the heart's desire". He has in fact, as in the poetry of Shelley, given bodily form to such an ideal world, and pictured to himself how much more nobly life might there be ordered; and he must continue to be animated by this divine dissatisfaction under penalty of ceasing to be man and becoming simply an unreflecting part in the mechanism of the world-machine. For this beautiful cosmic order, this passionless all-pervasive law, is essentially ruthless, and shows in its workings no kinship whatever with that moral sense for justice which is implicit in all human civilization. Nature, always "careless of the single life", is not always even "careful of the type", at least in the form which mankind regards as the noblest. And it is mankind, not Nature, that is the judge. As John Stuart Mill pointed out in his essay on Nature,

The only admissible moral theory of Creation is that the Principle of Good cannot at once and altogether subdue the powers of evil, either physical or moral; could not place mankind in a world free from the necessity of an incessant struggle with the maleficent powers or always make them victorious in that struggle; but could and did make them capable of carrying on the fight with vigour and with progressively increasing success.

The study of the natural sciences is, then, indispensable. For they acquaint us with the conditions under which we are to fight, make clear the odds against us, and enable us to determine in what ways alone we may presently be victorious. But the object of the struggle is to make man the *master* of the forces of nature. Success is dependent upon exact knowledge, not easily or quickly to be acquired, of the sequences of cause and effect that obtain in nature's operations, sequences that are not only invariant but, *considered in themselves*, wholly amoral. It does not, therefore, seem reasonable that preoccupation with phenomena of this particular kind should fit one to be peculiarly helpful in the solution of problems which have their origin in the real or apparent clash of interests of fundamentally variable and moral beings.

One further fact is worthy of note. To the minds of scientists who are entirely great nothing can be called finally a scientific fact until, after it has been minutely investigated, verified, tested and retested, it still yields always the same result. It thus attains the crowning hall-mark of science, i. e. impersonality and universal validity for mind *qua* mind. The true scientific temper is thus markedly cautious, and its possessor has no peculiar confidence in the final truth of his own personal theories. No one can read the *Life and Letters* of Charles Darwin without feeling the essential simplicity and modesty of his nature and the delicacy and winning power of his scientific doubt. But in minds of smaller caliber it must, I think, be admitted that scientific studies tend rather to foster than to moderate that confidence in the final validity of one's own judgments which is the besetting infirmity of so many earnest and ambitious workers in every field of human activity. The imperious—and in itself wholly admirable—desire to be able to describe the facts of experience in terms of invariable sequences cannot well without strong reluctance admit the existence of definite limitations to its satisfaction. When one considers, for example, the brilliant discoveries of physico-chemical analysis, and the certain dependence of the life of organisms upon physical and chemical processes, it does not, perhaps, seem strange that the mechanistic explanation of the human mind has been by some scientists so confidently upheld. Yet it is increasingly clear, as Dr. J. S. Haldane has recently pointed out in his *Mechanism, Life and Personality*, that this conception has never been anything but "a working hypothesis of limited useful application". If, as many of us are still fain to believe, there is in man an incalculable element, if he is

in reality forever rediscovering himself in terms of new experience, then no formulae of any kind involving invariable sequence will ever be adequate to describe his life, and there is need of the greatest caution lest science, to which he owes the priceless gift of liberation from superstition, may yet, at least for a season, persuade him that he is a link in a chain of material forces.

If mathematics and the natural sciences, invaluable as they are, will not provide for us precisely the help that we need, what shall we say of the social sciences? Just at this time these branches of knowledge stand in high favor. They are evidently mighty helpers in all noble endeavor to achieve a betterment of human life and of the conditions under which it is lived. They draw to their pursuit an increasingly large number of the most alert, ambitious, and high-minded of our students. Yet I cannot help thinking that these studies also leave something to be desired. The phenomena with which they deal have always been difficult to analyze. In our modern States with their huge populations, with political, industrial, and social organization of a bewildering complexity, it is extremely hard to distinguish the essential from the accidental and to arrive at a solution of a perplexing problem upon a basis that involves a permanent gain in comprehension of the issues involved. These sciences are perhaps as yet too young. Their results have not as yet been adequately expressed in forms of art. But their availability for the purposes of our present inquiry is certainly gravely impaired by their inherently administrative character. Concerned as they are with the quest for principles which will make it possible to organize human beings in the mass, and fully aware of the advantage to the individual of the collective activity of the community, these sciences tend to develop somewhat unduly belief in the efficacy of organization as such, and in their fine enthusiasm for the general gain tend to overlook the special claims of the individual. We have thus still to seek a corrective influence.

In the sense in which I am using the word in this inquiry literature is to be conceived, as I have already stated, as one of the means whereby man is made aware of the possibilities of his own nature and of that of his fellow-men. Like all the fine arts, literature provides us with noble pleasure; but it finds its chief function as a criticism and interpretation of life. Its content, therefore, is the supremely important element. I am not forgetful of the doctrine of literary *genres* and of the historical evolution of these *genres* as part of the technic of the fine arts. But with reference to the function of literature of which I am speaking I should like to define style in a somewhat different way. The object of language is to convey thought and feeling from one mind to another without loss of moving power. Style, as it seems to me, is that form into which one may cast his conception with reasonable confidence that because of this form his conception will be able to

operate without friction, i. e. without loss of power. If in mechanics force be applied in an improper way, either the work will not be done at all, or, if done, will be accomplished only with a great waste of energy. If the style is adequate, the idea will have free play, and will even gain in power to move. But the supremely important thing is the human life itself that is thus adequately expressed. Of this portrayal the style is an inseparable part and not, as it were, a garment which may be donned or doffed. It can scarcely be a matter of doubt that if one studies literature in this way as the sublimated essence of the life of mankind, not ancient or medieval or modern literature, much less the literatures of separate countries, as, for example, Greece, Rome, France, Germany, England, Italy, America, if one studies rather world-literature or any given section of the whole *as a section of the whole*, one will gain a very lively sense of the essential similarity of the problems that man has attempted to solve, of the very great difference of the solutions which have been advanced, and of the extraordinary diversity of small differences of detail which make each new form of the problem really after all a different problem. To put my meaning more clearly, the student of literature will find in its masterpieces, as he will not find in any of the natural sciences or in any of the social sciences, the imaginative portrayal of the inner life of man himself in connection with the problems that eternally imperil his happiness, and, if such a student read with an open mind, he will presently become convinced that there has been no final solution because no final solution is possible. For it is the spiritual life of the race that is thus presented to his eyes, the concentration into a few score years of reading and reflection of the experience that might be gained by centuries of travel and intimate sympathetic companionship with myriad diverse types of self-expression, all described in forms of art by writers who themselves loved and understood the life they pictured. It would seem that no provincialism of outlook, no narrowness of social or political creed, no confidence in the absolute truth of one's own views, could fail in the end to succumb to such a many-sided intimacy with one's fellow-beings. George Eliot says of the parting of Romola and Savonarola: "The two faces were lit up each with an opposite emotion, each with an opposite certitude". To agree with both is not necessary, nor indeed possible; but to understand both is indispensable, unless one is determined to stretch life forever upon a Procrustean bed. For such clashes have everywhere and always arisen, and there can be no reasonable doubt that in the future as in the past human beings equally competent, equally sincere, equally high-minded will answer the same question not only in different ways but even in antagonistic ways. For the clash of feeling and resultant action may arise from irreconcilable conceptions of the whole purpose of human life and of the part that it plays in the universe. How diverse are the worlds of Lucretius, Dante, and



Goethe! Philosophies have come, have gone, and have been succeeded by others. Yet we are to-day no nearer a final solution of the mystery. Codes of ethics have met and are still to-day meeting with the same fate. The world still divides sharply as it has always done; and, even where the old phrases are still employed, each new age reinterprets them to suit its own larger experience. Who shall decide these questions? Time possibly, but certainly no single age and still more certainly no single man, e. g. the reader of the tale at any given moment. Historical research has brilliantly shown that men and opinions may be for generations treated in a manner far above or far below their deserts. The judgment of contemporaries does not necessarily prove anything. Centuries may pass before justice is done and—justice may never be done.

What then is the lesson of literature for those who would fain have peace in the world in the years to come? It is essentially the same as the creed of liberalism; and liberalism, we may note, is quite different from tolerance. As Mr. L. T. Hobhouse expresses it in *Liberalism*:

The Liberal does not meet opinions which he conceives to be false with toleration, as though they did not matter. He meets them with justice and exacts for them a fair hearing as though they mattered just as much as his own. He is always ready to put his own convictions to the proof, not because he doubts them, but because he believes in them. For, both as to that which he holds for true and as to that which he holds for false, he believes that one final test applies. Let error have free play, and one of two things will happen. Either as it develops, as its implications and consequences become clear, some elements of truth will appear within it. They will separate themselves out; they will go to enrich the stock of human ideas; they will add something to the truth which he himself mistakenly took as final; they will serve to explain the root of the error; for error itself is generally a truth misconceived, and it is only when it is explained that it is finally and satisfactorily confuted. Or, in the alternative, no element of truth will appear. In that case, the more fully the error is understood, the more patiently it is followed up in all the windings of its implications and consequences, the more thoroughly will it refute itself.

In the long run, unless we are willing to look forward to a future of intermittent warfare, the intercourse of men must be made to rest upon the basis of liberalism. Beyond question situations will arise which will involve very nice decisions, decisions about which there may be considerable difference of opinion even among liberals; but here as in natural science experimentation will teach. Within reasonable limits of safety to the body-politic and body-social the widest and most varied laboratory work is desirable. However learned I may be, however expert in my field, I am not omniscient, nor can I possibly pronounce, as time perhaps will pronounce, upon the merit of a proposal in which I do not myself believe. Paradoxical as it may seem, if I am a sincere seeker for truth, I shall help my antagonist to put his case in the most favorable light and cooperate with him in securing

an opportunity for putting his theory to the test. I shall do this because I am convinced that his theory will not work, and that the sooner it is demonstrated that it will not work, under conditions which he himself chooses as being especially favorable for success, the better for my own position.

At what, then, should we teachers of the Classics aim, first, at all hazards, for ourselves, secondly, in such measure as may be possible, for our students? To put the answer briefly, the great authors—I beg you to note the adjective—the great authors, who because they possess the divining faculty of genius have something to say of permanent value on the philosophy and problems of human life, these great authors should be our intimate friends, known as such, as real personalities. There is a solidarity of mankind which transcends time and space. Despite all the difference between the ancient and the modern world, Plato speaks to us to-day no less intelligibly and with no less compelling power than John Stuart Mill, Vergil with no less power to make us feel the mystery of life than Wordsworth. Of this be sure: we may be able to translate our author, Lucretius, for instance, with absolute correctness from cover to cover; we may have at our fingers' ends the whole history of his text, his sources, his peculiarities of diction and syntax. But if this knowledge be, so to speak, dicotyledonous, if we do not understand and appreciate in terms of life the meaning of these facts, as an expression of the pathos of human life and the saving power of reason by an extraordinarily noble and virile personality, then we shall miss the finest part of the gift of literature. Others, but not we, shall know Lucretius as a thoughtful friend, shall widen the circle by including in it the other shining names of Greece and Rome and their great successors in the centuries that since have passed, and shall by daily intercourse with so many-sided a company come into that largeness of vision and wide sympathy which is real wisdom. And of wisdom it is still true, as it was in the days of Solomon, that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace".

*Iustitia est constans et perpetua voluntas ius suum cuique tribuens.* The conception of justice thus expressed in the opening words of the Institutes of Justinian has gained ground but slowly, as one may see, for example, by considering the four thousand years of human activity that have elapsed since the promulgation of the enlightened Code of Hammurapi. But, granted the presence of the *voluntas*, actively *constans et perpetua*, there yet remains the all-important question, by whom the *ius cuiusque* shall be defined, by the giver or by the receiver. From this root have sprung those countless conflicts in which with the noblest intentions men have granted, or rather imposed, a *ius* which the recipients passionately rejected. Always there has been too much at work that naive understanding of the Golden Rule which leads A. scrupulously to give to B. (whose ideals are quite different from A.'s) what A. himself would desire to

receive if he (still unchangeably A.) were in B.'s situation. Voilà la comédie humaine—tragique! For B., having achieved his *ius* as he himself defines it proceeds then to deal with C. (who agrees with neither A. nor B.) in precisely the same spirit in which A. has dealt with him. Few, indeed, have been the successful rebels against constraint who have not in turn been eager to constrain. But literature, which is the mirror of life and therefore of man's infinite variety, will yet with the help of philosophy and history—for the help of these two disciplines is indispensable for the full comprehension of the portrayal—make it clear to every open mind that the individual does not and can not acquiesce in another's definition of his *ius*, and that in the future control must be exercised rather over the conditions amid which he develops his personality than over this development itself. For personality can no more be permanently enchained than could Proteus of old.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

NELSON GLENN MCCREA.

### REVIEW

A Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Geography and Mythology. Edited by H. B. Walters. 580 Illustrations. Cambridge: at the University Press (1916). \$6.00.

Although the number of Classical Dictionaries in the various languages which serious students of the Classics are supposed to be able to use is already a large one, there is always room for a good manual of the kind, of moderate compass, in English. The one before us is about as brief as a work covering so wide a range of subjects can reasonably be expected to be, it is well printed, and it is handsomely and adequately illustrated.

The only real test of such a book is actual use and the reviewer has therefore kept a copy at his elbow for some weeks and has consulted it frequently. He has found it on the whole very satisfactory and he offers a list of criticisms primarily as evidence of good faith, to show that his review is not based upon a perfunctory examination.

The marking of the Latin quantities is erratic; at least the reviewer can discover no principle on which long vowels are marked or left unmarked. *Italia* is surely wrong, if we recognize Quintilian as an authority. If *villicus* is to be written (the spelling is wrong and the quantity dubious with that orthography), why not *villa*, *lustrum*, *læcta*, etc.?

One might fairly ask that readers of Horace should have their needs met by a book of this kind, but one looks in vain for *oenophorus* (Serm. 1.6.109; see

American Journal of Archaeology 13.30 ff.), for *larva* as a mask (Serm. 1.5. 64), for Tigellius, and for *quinquevir* (Serm. 2.5.56). Those whose reading goes farther will miss *essedarius* in the sense of a kind of gladiator, the various metaphorical uses of *canis*, *pulvinar* in the meaning seen in Suetonius, Augustus 45.1 and Claudius 4.3, *Latinilas* as a quality of style, and *inferiae*. The last word, strangely enough, does not appear in Marquardt's Index, although it finds a place in that of Volume 4 of Müller's Handbuch. It may well be (in some cases is) the fact that these words are mentioned incidentally, as is *cryptoporticus* under *crypta*, but some at least are important enough to be given a special heading, even though only a cross-reference be added.

Naturally, not all the articles are of equal merit. That on Satura seems especially defective; the Menippean satire is not mentioned at all (nor is Menippus) and Petronius does not belong in the list of satirists. The same general criticism may be passed upon the article *cursus honorum*, while to make *libertina* synonymous with *helaera* seems rather of the nature of a slander. The description and the representation of the *cotylus* (*cotyla*) are exceedingly dubious; see Harvard Studies in Classical Philology 2.89 ff. To say that Suetonius's "other works <than the De Vita Caesarum> are all lost" is a slight exaggeration, seeing that their remains, with the translation, occupy over a hundred pages in the Loeb Library.

We all have our 'taboos' and the reviewer is moved to such wrath by designations like "G. Iulius Caesar" and that ilk, that he begs for space to say a word or two on a subject some aspects of which seem to be neglected in our books of reference. We all know that C. and Cn. stood for Gaius and Gnaeus, but G. and Gn. never became good usage. In Ricci's excellent little handbook the former is relegated to the provinces, from the second century onward. One therefore shies at "G. Suetonius Tranquillus", "G. Plinius", etc., in a book of this class. The English translation of C. Iulius Caesar is Gaius Julius Caesar, and to the reviewer "C. Caesar" and "M. Cicero" are an abomination in an English rendering. They do not occur in this Dictionary, but that they are tolerated in our Schools seems evident from the number of students who habitually use such expressions and by the growing number of those who actually do not know for what the abbreviations stand; *experto crede*. Consistency in the use of the forms proper to Latin and to English respectively is not easy, although it is child's play compared with a similar consistency in pronunciation, but it should be observed at least by scholars and by teachers.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOHN C. ROLFE.